K. Lap.

The lovely Northerne Lasse.

BRITISH MUSEUM

VVho in this ditty here complaining, shewes
VVhat harme she got milking her dadyes Ewes.

To a pleasant Scotch tune, called, The broome of Cowdon knowes.

THrough Liddersdale as lately I went
I musing on did passe,
I heard a Maid was discontent:
she sigh'd and said alas,
All maids that ever deceived was,
beare a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
when I milkt my dadyes Ewes.
With O the broome, the bonny broome,
the broome of Cowdon knowes,
Faine would I be in the North Countrey
to milke my dadyes Ewes.

My love into the fields did come,
when my dady was at home,
Sugred words he gave me there,
prais'd me for such a one,
His honey breath and lips so soft,
and his alluring eye,
And tempting tong hath wood me oft,
now forces me to cry,
All Maids &c.

He ioyed me with his pretty chat.
so well discourse could he,
Talking of this thing and of that,
which greatly liked me.
I was so greatly taken with his speech,
and with his comely making,
He used all the meanes could be,
to inchant me with his speaking,
All Maids &c.

In Danby Forrest I was borne,
my beauty did excell,
My parents dearely loved me,
till my belly began to swell,
I might have beene a princes pere,
when I came over the knees,
Till the shepherds boy beguiled me,
milking my dadyes Ewes.
All maides &c.

When once I felt my belly swell,
no longer might I abide,
My mother put me out of doores,
and bang'd me backe and side
Then did I range the world so wide,
wandering about the knees,
Cursing the Boy that helped me,
to fold my dadyes Ewes.
All Maides &c.

Who would a thought a boy so yong,
would have us'd a Maiden so,
As to allure her with his tongue,
and then from her to goe?
Which hath alas procured my woe,
to credit his faire sheaves,
Which now too late repent I doe,
the milking of the Ewes.
All Maids &c.

I often since have wisht that I,
had never seene his face,
I needed not thus mournefully,
have sighd and said alas,
I might have matched with the best,
as all the Country knowes.
Had I escap'd the Shepherds boy
helpt me to fold my Ewes.
All Maids &c.

45.
6. 28.
22.

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The second part

To the same tune.

ALL Maidens faire then have a care,
when you a milking goe:
Trust not to young mens tempting tongues,
that will deceive you so,
Them you shall finde to be unkinde,
and glory in your woes,
For the shepheards boy beguiled mee,
folding my dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

If you your virgin honours kéepe,
eſtéeming of them deare,
You néed not then to waile and wéepe
or your parents anger feare:
As I have said, of them beware,
would glory in your woes,
You then may sing with merry chéere,
milking your Dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

A young man hearing her complaint,
did pity this her case,
Saying to her, sweet beautious saint,
I grieve so faire a face
Should sorrow so, then sweeting know,
to ease thée of thy woes,
Ile goe with thée to the North country,
to milke thy dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

Leander like I will remaine,
still constant to thée ever:
As Piramus, or Troyalus,
till death our lives shall sever,
Let me be hated evermore,
of all men that me knowes,
If false to thee, sweet heart I bée,
milking thy dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

Then modestly she did reply,
might I so happy bee,
Of you to finde a husband kinde,
and for to marrie me,
Then to you I would during life
continue constant still,
And be a true obedient wife,
observing of your will.
With O the broome, the bonny broome,
the broome of Cowden knoes,
Faine would I be in the North country,
milking my dadyes Ewes.

Thus with a gentle soft imbrace,
he tooke her in his armes,
And with a kisse he smiling said,
Ile shield thee from all harmes,
And instantly will marry thee,
to ease thee of thy woes,
And goe with thee to the North Countrey,
to milke thy dadyes Ewes.
With O the broome, the bonny broome,
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Faine would I be in the North Country,
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FINIS.

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